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AND

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## *The Cacique of Ontario.*

AN INDIAN TALE.

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MARANO, amiable in her sorrow, sat alone by a shelving rock. She sought in solitude to indulge the anguish of her soul. She leaned on her snowy arm. Her tresses flowed careless to the gale. The blooming beauty of her complexion was flushed with weeping. Her blue eyes were full of tender anxiety, and her bosom heaved with repeated sighs.

"When will he return?" she said, "my beloved Oneyo! The husband of my affections! How I long to behold him! Ye waves of Ontario, convey him to his native shore; restore him to his friends; restore him to my tender embrace. O! when shall I behold him?—when will the swift canoe come bounding over the lake, and waft the hero to his gladsome isle? Yes, thou happy isle! Thy rocks, thy resounding glades, and thy forests shall then rejoice. Gladness shall be in the village.—The elders shall come forth to receive him.—The festival shall be prepared. Ah me! peradventure he hath perished; or now expires in some bloody field! Impetuous in his valou and eager in the ardour of youth, perchance he rushes on the foe, and falls!"

While Marano thus indulged her inquietude, the venerable Ononthio was drawing nigh to console her. He had perceived the uneasiness of her soul, and had followed her unobserved from the village. He was the father of Oneyo, one of the elders of the nation, revered for his wisdom, and beloved for his humanity. Temperate in his youth, and active in his old age, he was vigorous and cheerful. The furrows on his brow were not those of anxiety, but of time. His gait was stately, and his aspect gracious. He loved Marano with the affection of a father. "Be comforted, (he said) give not thy soul to despondency. The Great Spirit, who rides in the whirlwind, and speaks from the passing thunder, the Father and Protector of all things will protect thee. But to merit his favour, be resigned to his will. It is impious to anticipate misery, and render ourselves unhappy before we are actually afflicted.—Yes, capricious, inconsistent mortals, timid at once, and presumptuous, tremble with the imagination of danger, and complain as if their sufferings were real. They create miseries to themselves, and arrogantly charge them on the Almighty. Beware, my daughter, beware of rebellion against the Almighty Spirit. If you repine inconsiderately, if you complain without cause, you rebel. He hath commanded us to be happy, he is ever offended with our disobedience; if we encourage groundless anxiety, we disobey. By destroying your own tranquillity, you are no less an enemy to the general system of happiness he hath ordained, than if you injured the peace of another. Be comforted; Oneyo may soon return loaded with the spoils of the Briton, and extolled by the warriors of France.

"To see my husband return in safety," she replied, "is the sum of my desires. To see him loaded with the spoils of the Briton will be no addition to my joy."—The Indian seemed astonished.—"Have you forgotten," she continued, "that I myself am a Briton? That I was carried violently from my father's house, when the Outagami ravaged our land, and carried terror to the gates of Albany? My parents perished. I was yet a child, but I remember the bloody carnage. My brother, of riper years, was rescued, but I became the prey of their fury. Since that time many years have elapsed; yet at the name of Briton my bosom glows with peculiar transport.

"I fondly imagined," answered the Indian, "that you loved us. We named you after the manner of our tribe. But your affections are estranged, and you languish for the land of your fathers. I called you my daughter, but, Marano, you would leave me." Uttering these words, he looked tenderly upon her. "You would leave me," he repeated, and a tear rose in his eye. Marano was affected. She clasped his hand, and pressed it to her rosy lips.—"No, I will never leave thee. My heart is thine and my beloved Oneyo's. I revere thee. Can I forget thy compassion? Can I forget the dreadful day when the Outagami, in an assembly of their nation, decreed me a sacrifice to their god Areskoui. You was present on an embassy from your people. Oneyo, in the bloom of early years, had accompanied his father. He sighed when he beheld me weeping.—Alas! I was feeble, friendless, and beset with foes. Oneyo intreated you to relieve me. Your own heart was affected, you interposed in my behalf, you redeemed me, and called me your's. Oneyo hastened to my deliverance, he loosened my fetters, and clasped me to his breast. Our affection grew with our years:—You beheld it with kind indulgence, and ratified our wishes with your consent. I have heard of European refinements, of costly raiments, and lofty palaces; yet to me the simplicity of these rocks and forests seem far more delightful. But if Oneyo returns not, I am undone. Many moons have risen, since, with the flower of our tribe, he departed. The matrons are already wailing for their

sons.—Oneyo, alas! is impetuous, and the warriors of Albion are undaunted. The blood of their foes have already tinged the waves of the Ohio; Canada trembled at their approach, and may, ere now, have become the prize of their valour. Ah me! if thy son hath fallen, grief will subdue thee;—I know the tenderness of thy affection, it will pull thee down to the grave.—Who then will be a comforter to me? Who will be my friend? Among a strange people, I shall have no father to protect me,—no brother to counsel and give me aid."

Ononthio was about to reply, when an Indian from the village accosted them. He told them with a sorrowful aspect, that the hopes of their tribe was blasted, for that some Indians of a neighbouring nation, having returned from Canada, brought certain intelligence of the total overthrow of their friends; that they had with difficulty escaped; that Oneyo was seen fierce and intrepid in the heat of the battle; that he was surrounded by the foe, and must have fallen a victim to their fury.

Marano was overwhelmed. Ononthio heaved a sigh; but the hapless condition of his daughter, and the desire of yielding her consolation, suspended and relieved his sorrow.—"If my son hath fallen," said he, "he hath fallen as became a warrior. His praise shall be preserved by his kindred, and descend to posterity in the war-song. His name shall terrify the Europeans, when the chieftains of future times, rushing fierce from their forests, shall surround his habitations at mid-night, and raise the yell of death in his ear. Oneyo shall not die unrevenged—"

"He shall not," interrupted the Indian. "The messengers of our misfortune hovered, after the discomfiture of their allies, around the walls of Quebec. They surprised a party of the foe; they have brought captives to our islands; the elders of the nation are now assembled: they have doomed them a sacrifice to the memory of the dead, and defer the execution only till your arrival."

"Alas!" said Marano, "the sacrifice of a captive will afford me small consolation. Will the death of a foe restore life to my husband; or heal his ghastly wounds; or re-animate his breathless bosom? Leave me to my woe. Leave me to wail on these lonely mountains. Here I will not be a long sojourner. I will away to my love. I will meet him beyond the desarts, in some blissful valley, where no bloody foe shall invade us. Leave me to my sorrow,—for I will not live."

She entreated in vain: The Indian was urgent, and Ononthio seconded his solicitations.

That nation of Indians of which Oneyo was the leader, inhabited an island in the lake of Ontario. Their principal village was situated by a pleasant stream, issuing from a rock, and running through a narrow valley into the lake. The surrounding hills were adorned with forests. The adjacent meadows were arrayed with verdure, or enamelled with flowers. The village was of a circular form, and was fenced by a wooden palisade. The walls of the cottages were composed of green turf with interwoven branches, and the roofs were covered with reeds and withered leaves. Every thing was simple. No pompous pillars, embellished with quaint devices, and the parade of masonry, lifted the lofty edifice to the skies. No magnificent temples, no threatening battlements, no stupendous domes nor palaces, flattered the vanity of priests, politicians and soldiers.

The young men of the nation, in the prime of health and vigour, were usually engaged in the chace. The women, and all who were too old or too young to engage in any toilsome or hazardous enterprize, remained at the village, and had a variety of occupations suited to their age and condition. They improved some adjacent fields for the culture of maize, and other salutary plants. They also cultivated medicinal herbs, studied their virtues, and prepared them for use. The women, besides the care of their children, and other domestic concerns, were dexterous in weaving apparel, the materials of which were supplied by the rind of oderiferous trees; and in extracting tinctures from various herbs and blossoms, to stain the faces of their warriors, and render their aspect more terrible in the field. They were particularly ingenious in weaving strings and girdles of wampum. These, according as the colours were variously combined, served them as tokens of friendship to their kindred, allies, and the captives whom they adopted into their tribe. Their children were early inured to labour, danger and fatigue; and were soon initiated in the use of the bow, the oar, the tomahawk, and the javelin. When their young men returned from the chace, or from any warlike expedition, the whole village was one scene of joy and festivity. Both old and young mingled in the dance, and recorded the exploits of their warriors in the song. But when any business of consequence was to be transacted, every thing was conducted with gravity and composure. The elders of the village, who were promoted to authority, not by fraud or violence, but who were revered agreeable to the simplicity of nature, for their wisdom and experience, assembled in an open space in the centre of the village, and deliberated beneath a venerable oak. The business was proposed, and every one declared his opinion sedately, and without interruption. Their decrees were ratified by a majority of voices, and every one acquiesced in their decisions. In this manner they lived innocent and happy. As they had no particular property, they were untainted with the love of wealth, that bane of social felicity, that poison of the heart. As they possessed every thing in common, they knew not the pangs of avarice, nor the torment of apprehended poverty. No sort of consequence was conferred by riches, and they were innocent of guile, perfidy and oppression. Power and authority could only be obtained by superior and acknowledged merit; they were exerted without any vain parade;—there was therefore no room for ambition, no occasion for envy, nor any incitement to revenge. Temperate and inured to labour, they were brave, vigorous, and active. Their affections of love and friendship, as they were unwarped by any unnatural distinctions, and unrestrained by supercilious and pedantic formalities, were ardent and unaffected. They expressed their emotions with all the freedom and simplicity of nature: their joy was rapturous, and their sorrow vehement.

They were therefore no sooner informed of the death of Oneyo and their brethren, than they abandoned themselves to loud lamentations. The matrons, with rent garments, and dishevelled tresses, ran forth into the fields, and filled the air with their wailing. They then crouded around the captives, whom in the bitterness of their woe, they loaded with keen invectives. The elders were assembled:—The boiling chaldron, into which the victims, after suffering every species of torment, were to be precipitated, was suspended over a raging fire;—the knives, the tomahawks, and other implements of cruelty, were exhibited in dreadful array; and their prisoners, loaded with heavy fetters, were conducted to the place of sacrifice.

[To be continued.]

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BY examining the tongue of the patient physicians find out the diseases of the body, and philosophers the diseases of the mind.

A King can make a man Honourable and Right Honourable; but he cannot make him *a man of honour*.

## A PICTURE OF PEEVISHNESS.

[From a late Periodical Publication.]

WHAT torment is there that troubles more its possessor and others than a constant peevishness of mind? The person who is deseased with this mental complaint, sees every thing on the wrong side. Nothing suits him. Even the complete accomplishment of his own wise plans somehow displeases him. And the most benevolent and reasonable actions of others have, in his eye, a bad motive or weak design. Peevishness is a briar that sometimes grows in a rich soil: but the careful cultivation of his intellectual garden will dig it up by the roots, and sow in its place the seeds of charity and equanimity.

I hate peevishness in a woman. In a handsome woman it mars all her accomplishments. My nephew's wife is one of this sort. She is handsome; she is industrious and lively; and would be engaging in her manners, were she but rid of this perpetual fault-finding. I wonder my nephew could not discover this failing of her's previous to the knot-tying of matrimony. Much mortification, and many a wound of chagrin had he escaped; but love, blind as an oyster, can discern no failing in a beloved mistress.

Last week, my nephew invited me to spend the day with him. At dinner among other things a fine roasted turkey was brought on the table: and the lady of the house commenced the difficult operation of dissection. Our society was now interrupted by the rude clamours of incessant petulance, murdering that harmony and sociability that ought ever to distinguish such an occasion.

*Wife.* I wish, my dear, you would procure us a better carving knife. This must have been made for a giant dissecting a whole ox.

*Husband.* You have no cause of complaint, certainly; for it is one of your own choice.

*Wife.* I know it is: but it is much too large. What did you give for this turkey?

*Husband.* Two dollars.

*Wife.* I wonder you should give such a price. You know we cannot afford it. It certainly is not worth more than a dollar. Such extravagance as this will soon bring us to poverty. I never heard of such a price before: I should have supposed you had more judgment and more economy than to be deceived in this manner. It will take away all relish for my dinner: you did not give two dollars, did you?

*Husband.* I gave two dollars, at your special request: for you desired me to procure a turkey for dinner; I told you turkeys would be high: you insisted I should get one, be the cost ever so great. I am surprised, my dear, that you should complain in this manner: especially before our friends, in whose company I hoped to enjoy the pleasures of sociability usual on such occasions.

*Wife.* Well, my dear, though I did insist on your procuring one, I'm sure I thought you knew better than to be guilty of such extravagance, when you knew we had a plenty of other fresh provisions in the house.

*Husband.* Had I neglected to obtain one, I am confident that no less censure would have fallen to my share: for the disposition is to blame me for every thing, it were of little consequence in what manner a person should conduct.

This severe reply of my nephew, eager to justify his conduct, scattered the sparks of rage from her eye. A sullen silence ensued. One may easily imagine the sensations of the visitors. As soon as the bird was suitably disjointed, she began to help the now hungry ones that surrounded a large table. My niece Doratha, being the eldest female, was first asked to what part she would be helped, a *leg* or a *wing*, "I'd thank you for a little of the *uncle*, if you please." This was delicacy with a vengeance. The petulance of the one and the affectation of the other, deprived me of a usually moderate appetite, and I could easily perceive that the whole company felt their unwelcome situation. The carving knife, by some carelessness of the manager, fell on the table-cloth, and in some slight degree disfigured its appearance. The stream of peevishness gushed anew: "This dish, my dear, is too small. It won't contain the turkey and knife and fork. You promised me you would get a set of larger ones; but I never can get any thing I want. It is now six months since I first asked you, and you have purchased a thousand unnecessary things in the family, and pay no attention to me: I should suppose my wishes ought to be sometimes gratified, as well as those of others." Possibly," said the husband, "you might have mentioned something of the kind some months since, yet you certainly did not more than once before now, and it entirely slipt from my memory. I will assuredly obtain such and so large dishes for your accommodation, as you may wish, on the morrow: and till then, and when you are all alone, I beg of you my dear, to put a stop to this incessant scolding."

Here I think my nephew was wrong. Soft words silence contention. Yet how can a man always use soft words? For with a woman always contentious, he is doomed to spend "the wick of life's poor shallow lamp." It is however a fault, usual with most people, instead of endeavouring, by yielding, by submission and condescension, to close a disagreeable altercation, striving to justify themselves, and cast the blame on their opponents, rather by severity and sarcasm, to increase, than silence the contention. How far conscience will allow the confession of rectitude in another, whom we know to be in the fault, for the sake of preserving peace, I know not. It is certainly difficult, thro' politeness to another, to acknowledge ourselves wrong, when we know the culpability ought to be sustained by him.

To discover, between my nephew and his wife such a disposition for dissension, so operated on my feelings, that I determined to quit their presence. I came down ——street, and called at my freind B——'s; where I am always welcome; and luckily arrived just before their usual hour of dining. Here was a constrast striking and beautiful. Of a more lovely disposition was never beauty possest, than that by which are directed all the actions of Mrs. B—— what affection for her husband; what kindness, what love played in her eye, danced in her smile, and lived on her lips. How agreeably was I entertained; and how delightfully was my heart smitten with their reciprocation of connubial tenderness. My younger days crowded the chambers of my memory. The happy years of similar domestic bliss stiffened my meditation in the fixt pleasures of recollection. You, who never long lived with an angel, cannot judge of the emotions which affected my soul, when I reflected on the days in which I dwelt with one

> ..... Adorned
> With all that earth or heaven could bestow,
> To make her amiable.

You who are never parted from the enjoyment of "heaven's last best gift to man," cannot judge of the secret springs of feeling, that bore the willing moisture to my eye, and turned the tear of pleasing grief slyly adown my wrinkled cheek. I had a wife; and whenever I meet the divine combination of virtue and beauty, it pains me with the silent tale of what I was. Yet I enjoy much, when I turn the eyes of memory to scenes long past: and happy, thrice happy is he, who receives comfort from *reflection*, that wise man's pleasure, fool's labour, and knave's hell.

PRENTISS.

For the Philadelphia Repository.

## *The Pedestrian, No. 2.*

But love had like a canker worm,
Consum'd her early prime.
*Ballad of William and Margaret.*

AS I was walking, some weeks ago, near the Potter's-field, to the westward of the city, I perceived a funeral approaching it: four men bearing the coffin, one woman, far advanced in years, and scarceable to support herself from grief, followed by two or three others, in whose countenances might be traced evident marks of sorrow, formed the whole of the procession. I walked onward to the grave which was prepared for the reception of the corpse, and awaited their arrival: the bearers placed the body on the ground, and the principal mourner, casting her eyes on the newly opened grave, burst into an agony of tears. She took out her handkerchief and held it to her face, as the attendants suffered the coffin slowly to descend. After a short pause, they began to cast in the earth; at the sound of this she started; cast up her streaming eyes to heaven, and in a faint voice, uttered the exclamation of "My God!" whilst in her countenance submission and humility seemed contending with despair. Whether it proceeded from weakness or compassion, I will leave the reader to conjecture, but I really felt a tear steal into my eye. I wiped it off, and followed the little company, who were now leaving the place, at a distance. They entered a small building, and perceiving another near it, at the door of which, was seated an elderly woman, with a friendly, good-humoured appearance, I approached her, and after paying my respects, enquired whose funeral it was, from which the group were returning. "Ah!" said she, with a sigh, "Poor Molly Turner! it was a great pity; I am sure I loved her as well as if she had been my own child." My curiosity was now raised, and I begged her to explain the circumstances of her death: "Aye sir, that I will," replied she;—"Jacky, bring the gentleman a chair." The chair was brought, and I seated myself beside her, whilst she related the substance of the following story, although I have taken the liberty of omitting a multitude of expletives, as well as correcting her phraseology.

"MOLLY TURNER was the only daughter of an honest labourer;—she was a lively, active and industrious girl, who possessed a handsome person, which was rendered still more interesting by the good nature which beamed from her eyes; and animated her whole countenance.

In the neighbourhood of Mr. Turner's dwelling, lived a sprightly lad, the son of a brick-maker. JOHN WILLIAMS inherited from nature a spirit of enterprize, which occasioned him to entertain a strong predelection for a sailor's life, as well as a violent disgust to brick-making, which business he was designed for by his father: he therefore determined to elope and indulge his favourite inclination. This project he communicated to no one except MOLLY TURNER, who had always been the favourite companion of his juvenile sports, and indeed the partiality was mutual. Although grieved at the thoughts of a separation, she did not oppose his design, and they parted, indulging the fond idea that at some future time they might be united. JOHN immediately engaged himself in a ship, and sailed, leaving his parents in great anxiety respecting his fate.

During JOHN's absence the father of MARY died. His wife and daughter were greatly afflicted at this event, which took from them their chief support; for Mrs. TURNER was of so tender a constitution that she was unable to labour. Whilst they were indulging their unavailing sorrow, JOHN returned;—he insisted on Mrs. TURNER's accepting his wages; and mingling his tears with Mary's, endeavoured to lessen her griefs by participating them. His consolations restored some tranquillity to her heart, and before he departed to make a second voyage, he obtained her promise, sanctioned with her mother's approbation, to become his wife at his return."

Here the narrator, who was very corpulent, paused to take a fresh supply of breath. I shall make use of this circumstance as an apology for pausing also, until next week, when the reader shall be acquainted with the remainder of her story, if the humble woes of a labourer's daughter have power to interest his feelings.

T.

## ALBERT:

### *AN ORIGINAL TALE.*

(CONCLUDED.)

They bade the father of his country hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust;
And Rome again is free.———

SALMARIA and Tancred, actuated by parental fondness, and by the strong ties of friendship, drove all before them. The base usurper, Louis, received from the hands of Tancred, that punishment which was due to his enormous crimes. May this be the reward of every vile seducer, who under the insinuating smile of *real love*, robs the weak and defenceless female of every thing she holds most dear. The deprivation of which

..... leaves her poor indeed!

The death of the tyrant was all that was wanting to a complete victory; his followers immediately threw down their arms and sued for quarter. Remembering that clemency is the noblest concomitant of power, their enemies accepted this token of submission, and all farther dispute ceased; Tancred was congratulated in loud and fervent acclamations, of "Long live Prince Tancred, the father of his people!" The subjects of Louis, who had long groaned under his tyranny, joyfully hailed the dawn of happiness. They saluted Tancred as their new lord, and promised the most faithful obedience to his dominion. Nothing now was wanting to complete the general joy which was diffused through the ranks, from the general to the lowest subaltern, but the presence of our two heroes; these were anxiously sought for—but in vain—the hollow vaults reverberated to the cries of the despairing father. He was on the point of leaving the place, when a messenger arrived from the camp. The two friends had made their escape from the guards, during the confusion, and had gone to the camp.

When Albert had been informed of his situation by Tancred, he could hardly restrain his impatience; but Tancred insisted on his staying at the camp, fearful of the consequences of a too sudden meeting.

Salmaria hastened with all the speed his old age would admit of, to embrace his son. Albert espied him at a distance, and flew to meet him. In a moment he is at his feet.... to be in the arms of his long-sought father.... Now he thought his happiness complete; but he had forgot the charming, the lovely Julia—she to whom the virgin efforts of his valour had been dedicated—he informed his father of the progress of his love—of his first seeing her in the carriage. Thence he dated his flame.

My pen is too feeble to express his eloquence when he related to his father

..... how he gaz'd, in pleasing transport lost!
How glow'd his heart in sweet delusion lost!

"Come," cried Tancred at seeing Albert detain his father in the open fields," I wish you would come in—there is one here Albert, who, if I am not mistaken, has *some claim on your attention* as well as your father.

Upon entering the camp, the first object that met his eyes, was the form of his Julia!

> Fix'd in astonishment he gaz'd upon her,
> Like one just blasted by a stroke from Heav'n,
> Who pants for breath————

She had accompanied Salmaria part of the journey, but unable to proceed at the rate he travelled, had halted on the road. Salmaria was too much engaged in his son welfare to mention this, and she had arrived unexpectedly, at a most joyful period.

After sitting a short time, the two lovers walked into the neighbouring wood; in order to converse without interruption, on the events which had befallen them, since their separation.

During their absence, the two fathers agreed that they should be married on the ensuing night.

Upon the return of Albert and Julia, they mutually agreed to their parents' arrangement,

The next day, whilst they were at dinner, a stranger enquired for Albert—he went out—it was Maturino! he had, old as he was, left his house, "to see," as he said, "his son once more, and close his life by him."—Albert introduced him to his father and bride-elect and the rest of the company—he was warmly praised by all for his disinterested benevolence to Albert.

After some conversation, he informed the astonished company that Jaques was the nephew of Tancred; the discovery had been made some time after he left the neighbourhood, by a woman who had been his nurse, who after his leaving her, had traced him as far as the house of Maturino, and, being taken sick, had died there. Jaques was called in to a participation of the general joy.

In the evening Albert was blest with the hand of his beloved Julia: after the cermony, the aged Maturino pronounced, with great fervor—*Now may Heaven vouchsafe, with me to bless this happy marriage, and may a future progeny arise to imitate the virtues of their sires.*

I. H.

## ALL IS VANITY.

A TALE.

"ALL is vanity!" exclaimed a venerable man, whose cheeks were furrowed more by grief than age, as he reclined against a tombstone, in one of our church yards. The situation was interesting! The church on a hill; the night hazy; though the moon reflected sufficient light to give him a general view of the prospect around: the sea, at a distance on his right hand, neither, tempestuous nor calm, washed the beach with its waves. He had long listened to its murmuring, his eye fixed stedfastly on the sculptured memento of mortality which supported him: there was a congeniality between its disordered state, and that of his own bosom, which forcibly struck him; and as his eye insensibly reverted to the tombstone, he instinctively expressed himself, "*All is vanity!*"

The night rather clearing, induced him to walk farther; he crossed the spot where the encampment had been. War, and its inseparable horrors—the death of the brave, the distraction of the widow; the helplessness of the orphan, the desolation of towns, and the destruction of empires—afforded him ample scope for rumination; till, unconscious of his way, he entered another church-yard about a mile from that he had left. The church was ancient; and though service was regularly performed there, in ruins. All was silent! It was a scene to be contemplated only with horror; except by those whom religion had fortified against superstitious prejudice.

He looked around him with a sort of gloomy serenity, for some time; when an object lying on one of the graves attracted his earnest notice. He approached it, and started, on removing a coarse but clean covering, at beholding a child about 4 years of age, and fast asleep. In an instant, his sight was arrested by an emaciated female, whose wild looks sufficiently indicated the disorder of her mind; and who springing from behind the church, ran swiftly to him, and dropping on her knees, in a piercing tone of voice, cried—"O, don't take him from me!" then, overcome by agitation, immediately fainted. The voice was not unknown to him: stooping to assist her, the moon suddenly shining with unusual lustre on her face—"Good God!" exclaimed he, "my daughter.

At this instant a poor man and woman, attracted by the cries of the child, who had awakened, came up. "Here she is!" cried the man; and the woman snatched the child up into her arms.

"What know ye of this young woman?" eagerly enquired the almost petrified father.

"She lived with us," replied the man, "about three months: her husband died of the fever, and lies buried in that grave; his death turned her brain, she often used to say, "she would put her child to bed with his father."

Here the unhappy lunatic sighed; opened her eyes; and, fixing them stedfastly on her supporter, in a moment of recollection, screamed; "My father! pray, pray forgive me!" Then uttering a few incoherent words, she again died away; to revive no more!

He knelt over her for some minutes, in a state of stupefaction, which was succeeded by violent transports of grief; the extreme of which subsiding, he thus in broken voice addressed the honest pair, who stood motionless with astonishment; "Well may you wonder at the spectacle before you! In me you behold the most wretched of parents; and in her my only child, destroyed by my barbarity. My life has been a general scene of misfortunes: but this girl was a comfort in the midst of affliction. About 5 years ago, she contracted an intimacy with a young man, of whom I had received a most depraved, but I since learned, a most unjust character; and in contradiction to mine and her mother's express commands, was privately married to him. When she came to ask my blessing, in a paroxysm of grief, rage, and disappointment, I shut my door in her face, and have never since heard of her, till this awful moment!" Here he was interrupted by a flood of tears. He continued; "where she went to, God only knows. Her mother broke her heart within a year after: and I have ever since wandered about, a striking example of paternal brutallity; reserved by providence to witness the dreadful effect of my injustice, and pay the last sorrowful tribute to the victim." His voice was here lost in sobs.

The good couple sympathised with him; while their moistened cheeks evinced the sincerity of their hearts. The miserable sire pressed the child to his bosom; "heaven, my little innocent," said he, "has deprived thee of thy mother: I will endeavour to supply thee; and by my attention to thee, expiate my cuelty to her."

The husband then beckoned his wife, and raising the corps in his arms, they retired from the grave, with a melancholy pace. The repentant mourner followed, weeping over his grandson; and now and then interrupting the awful silence, emphatically exclaiming—"Vanity! vanity! all is vanity!"

## FRENCH FUNERAL RITES.

[From a late Paris Paper.]

"Three enclosures for public sepulchres shall be made at the distance of a mile from the walls of Paris. In the centre of each enclosure shall be erected a *Luctuary*, or *Hall* of *Mourning*, destined to receive

the funeral procession, and consecrated to the ceremonies that are to precede the instant of interment. There shall be erected in Paris six funeral temples, to serve as depots before the transportation of the body to the enclosures of burial. The bodies shall, from henceforward be carried in vehicles drawn by horses, and a mode of interment common to all shall take place. The poor shall be buried at the expence of the commune. The ordinary mode of funerals may, according to the fancy of families, be decorated with every thing which they may think necessary to render them more solemn, without however infringing the established laws. It shall be permitted to erect monuments in the public burying enclosures, with inscriptions, cenotaphs, &c. upon paying a certain sum to the Commune, in proportion to the space which the monument occupies.

## THE MERCHANT AND HIS DOG.

AN AFFECTING STORY.

A French merchant having some money due from a correspondent, set out on horseback accompanied by his dog, on purpose to receive it. Having settled the business to his satisfaction, he tied the bag of money before him, and began to return home. His faithful dog, as if he entered into his master's feelings, frisked around the horse, barked, and jumped, seemed to participate in his joy.

The merchant, after riding some miles, had occasion to alight, and taking the bag of money in his hands, laid it down by his side under a hedge, and on remounting forgot it. The dog preceived his lapse of recollection, and, wishing to rectify it, ran to fetch the bag, but it was two heavy for him to drag it along. He then hasted to his master, and by crying and barking, and howling, seemed to remind him of his mistake. The merchant understood not his language; but the assiduous creature persevered in his efforts, and after trying to stop the horse in vain, at last began to bite his heels.

The merchant, absorbed in some reverie, wholly overlooked the object of his affectionate attendant's importunity, but waked to alarming apprehension that he was going mad. Full of this suspicion, in crossing a brook, he turned back to look if the animal would drink. It was too intent on its master service to think of itself; it continued to bark and bite with greater violence than before.

"Mercy!" cried the afflicted merchant; "it must be so, my poor dog is certainly mad; what must I do? I must kill him, lest some greater misfortune befal me; but with what regret! Oh, could I find any one to perform this cruel office for me! but there is no time to lose; I myself may become the victim if I spare him."

With these words, he drew a pistol from his pocket, and with a trembling hand took aim at his faithful servant. He turned away in agony as he fired, but his aim was too sure. The poor animal falls wounded; and weltering in his blood, still endeavours to crawl towards his master, as if to tax him with ingratitude. The merchant could not bear the sight; he spurred on his horse with a heart full of sorrow, and lamented he had taken a journey which had cost him so dear. Still however, the money never entered his mind, he only tho't of his poor dog, and tried to console himself with the reflection, that he had prevented a greater evil, by dispatching a mad animal, than he had suffered a calamity by his loss. This opiate to his wounded spirit was ineffectual: "I am most unfortunate," said he to himself, "I had almost rather have lost my money than my dog." Saying this, he stretched out his hand to grasp his treasure. It was missing; no bag was to be found. In an instant he opened his eyes to his rashness and folly. "Wretch that I am! I alone am to blame. I could not comprehend the admonition which my best and faithful friend gave me, and I have sacrificed him for his zeal. He only wished to inform me of my mistake, and he has paid for his fidelity with his life."

Instantly he turned his horse, and went off at full gallop to the place where he had stopped. He saw with half averted eyes the scene where the tragedy was acted; he perceived the traces of blood as he proceeded; he was oppressed and distracted, but in vain did he look for his dog—he was not to be seen on the road. At length he arrived at the spot where he had alighted. But what were his sensations! his heart was ready to bleed.—The poor dog, unable to follow his dear, but cruel master, had determined to consecrate his last moments in his service. He had crawled, all bloody as he was, to the forgotten bag, and in the agonies of death he lay watching beside it. When he saw his master, he still testified his joy by the wagging of his tail, he could do no more, he tried to rise, but his strength was gone. The vital tide was ebbing fast, even the caresses of his master could not prolong his fate for a few moments. He stretched out his tongue to lick the hand that was now fondling him in the agonies of death, as if to seal forgiveness of the deed that had deprived him of life. He then cast a look of kindness on his master, and closed his eyes for ever.

## *The Monitor.*

NOTHING would more effectually cure us of what we detest in others, than a constant examination of ourselves. Thus when we are about to perform any thing, we should suspend the operation till we have discovered the end to which we intend it should be directed. Do we spurn at pride in others? What are the motives from which we ourselves act? Do we avoid guilt really from the love we bear to virtue; or, because we dread the censure of our fellow creatures? If we are actuated by the former principle, it is well; if by the latter, we are in substance what we profess to dislike in sound, hypocrites. Do we expatiate against a contracted, selfish disposition? What is the cause of our complaints; and from what motives are we excited to accumulate riches? Is it done with a view to communicate happiness to our fellow-creatures, by supplying the wants of indigence? Does it not originate in the sympathetic desire of softening the pangs of anguish, and healing the sorrows of distress; of rescuing helpless innocence from the oppressor's hand, and wiping the tear from the swoln eye of dejected misery? If it is so, our longings after and endeavours to obtain it, are laudable—I had almost said God-like. On the other hand, if we toil for it with a view to gratify the cravings of a voluptuous mind, or with the intention of withdrawing from the scenes of life, to loll out the remainder of our days in obscurity and oblivion, we subvert the main purpose for which we were created, by depriving society of a member formed for social ends and a round of endless duties, which solitude forbids the practice of. Thus it is we should ever look towards the end before we commence an action; and ere we condemn those around us, reflect a moment on the motives by which we both judge, and condemn rashly, and observing which we shall often pass sentence on ourselves, in investigating the conduct of others.

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Great abilities and a fawning temper seldom meet together, and they who deserve favours, are not made to beg them.

When a man is raised from nothing, nothing will content him.

Glareanus, being asked how he lived, replied, "I live like a nobleman; I eat, and drink, and am in debt."

*Solution of the Astronomical Paradox in the 39th No. of the Repository.*

THE place in question may be found under either of the poles.—For to an eye at the north pole, all the planets, however situated, will bear upon the south point of the compass; and at the south pole, *vice versa;* because every point of the compass becomes a meridian.

☞ For the same reason, and at the same places, a full moon (which is always opposite the sun) may both happen to rise and set at the same instant of time, and upon the same point of the compass. This is as paradoxical as the other.

—

*Answer to R. W.'s Question in the 42d No.*

The figure *a b c d e f* completes the hexagon. The hexagon contains 12 internal triangles, and.....12 external do.

The triangle ABC 1 triangle.
DEF 1 do.
COA 1 do.
AOB 1 do.
EOF 1 do.
FOD 1 do.
BOC 1 do.
DOE 1 do.

One hexangon, 32 triangles.
Q.E.D.

*In order to render the above figure plain, it will be necessary for the reader to imagine lines drawn from one star to another, and intersecting each other so as to form 32 triangles. Our correspondent's figure was complete, but the impossibility of exhibiting numerous lines, intersecting each other in an angling position, without an engraving, compelled the printer to adopt the above method.*

QUESTION FOR THE REPOSITORY.

I DEMAND the number of acres that are contained in a piece of land, which shall require as many rails (of five to a pannel, and two pannels to a pole) to fence it in, as there are number of acres contained within the fence? Q.E.D.

*QUESTIONS FOR THE REPOSITORY.*

*The following Questions are given with a view to draw the attention of Youth to subjects that may be of use to them, and which they ought to make part of their studies.*

1. What is the reason the twilight is not of as long duration here, as it is in London or Paris?

2. How is it, that the days are shorter in the summer, and longer in winter in this part of the world, than in the above places?

3. Why do thunder-storms, when generated, generally approach large cities?

4. Do the clouds in a gust bring the wind, or does the wind bring the clouds? and how is it accounted for?

5. Whence is it, that the clouds in a thunder-storm fly in opposite directions?

TYRO.

AN ill-favoured fop, a man of fashion, had a footman whose countenance was not much more amiable than his own; the gentleman, who was fond of his own person, could only see deformity in others, and he always saw it with disgust. It happened one day, that being unusually offended with his man, while he was dressing him, he exclaimed. "What an ugly dog!" Which of us is your honour looking at?" said the fellow, drily, observing that his master was all this time very attentive to the pier glass.

*Covetousness in a Dying Man.*

A certain apothecary told a friend of his the following circumstance, as a proof that the ruling passion never forsakes a man even to the last:—A rich man, just before he expired, desired the apothecary would reach him a shirt out of the drawer, to which he pointed. "Lord, Sir, (said the apothecary) what do you mean: sure you do not think of putting on another shirt now?" Why, (said the dying man,) I understand it is the custom for the shirt I have on to be the perquisite of those who lay me out, and in that drawer there is an old ragged one, and good enough for them."

For the Philadelphia Repository.

ACROSTIC.

*C* OME, Freedom's Genius with thy splendid train,
*O* 'er this fair land for ever hold thy reign;
*L* et our bold Sons unto attainment rise—
*U* nfold thy gifts, thou offspring of the skies,
*M* ay Agriculture flourish in this land,
*B* old Commerce wide her canvass wings expand— (wave—
*I* n triumph may fair Freedom's banners
*A* nd ev'ry vice, here find an early grave.

LEANDER.

# *PHILADELPHIA,*

SEPTEMBER 12, 1801.

## *Marriages.*

When all the charms true taste approve,
Unite within the maid we love,
Awaking all our soft desires,
And lighting up Hymeneal fires:
The altar we with rapture greet,
The chain is light, the bondage sweet.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 7th inst. by James Tapsket, Esq. Mr. George Walker, of this city, to Miss Hannah Smith, daughter of Mr. Gilbert Smith, of Monmouth, New-Jersey....On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Abercrombie, Mr. Collen Pullinger, of Portsmouth, (O. E.) to Miss Jane Davis, of this city....On the 10th, by the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, Mr. Moses Taylor, to Miss Mary Sheaf, daughter of Mr. Philip Sheaf, of Delaware county.

.....At Elizabeth Town, (N. J.) on the 5th inst. by the Rev. Henry Kollock, Mr. Augustus Ellicot, of Maryland, to Miss Sally Williams, of Rahway.

## *Deaths.*

.....Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, .....
Brought death into the world, and all our woe.
MILTON.

DIED....In this City....On the 27th ult. Job Bacon, Æt. 66, merchant,—a much respected citizen, and member of the society of Friends.....On the 10th inst. Mr. William Jones, book-binder,—an upright character, whose memory will be long cherished by his friends and acquaintance.

.....At Tinicom Island, on the 20th ult. Mrs. Martha Conover, Æt. 22, wife of Mr. William Conover.

.....At Charleston, on the 25th ult. Mr. John Rugan, merchant, Æt. 20, a native of this city.

.....At Schenectady, lately, Jonathan Edwards, D.D. President of Union College.

.....At Bloomfield, (N. J.) on the 30th ult. Mrs. Mary Davis, wife of Mr. Cornelius Davis, bookseller, New-York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The editor has received satisfactory assurance, that "*Apollo's*" letter, the originality of which was questioned in the notes to correspondents of last week, is entirely the production of his own brain.—It is hoped, that since the writer has brought the seat of the Muses so near the metropolis of the United States, (the identical spot where it ought to be,) the waters of Helicon will henceforward flow with fewer obstructions than those of the Schuylkill have hitherto experienced.

It will be necessary for "*Andrew Anvil*" to furnish the editor with a solution of the "*Enigmatical List of Young Ladies,*" previous to their being published.

"*The Transient Observer,*" and some other communications, will appear next week.

# TEMPLE of the MUSES.

*For the* PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Philadelphia, August 31st, 1801.

MR. HOGAN,

*If the following, on perusal, should meet with your approbation, you will much oblige me by giving it a place in the Repository. Your's, &c.*

LEANDER.

## ELEGY TO A FRIEND.

FAR from my friends, with grief oppress'd;
A wretched victim to despair!
Devoid of comfort, and of rest—
Hope points in vain to prospects fair.

Fled are the transitory joys,
Which once within my breast did reign:
Now sorrow ev'ry comfort cloys,
And love still adds fresh pangs to pain.

When Cynthia, (the queen of night,)
Unto the world her influence yields;
Then by her pale refulgent light,
I lonely wander o'er the fields.

Where Schuylkill's stream does gently glide,
Thither I wand'ring bend my way—
Ah! never near that silver tide,
May youth so lost to pleasure stray!

Oft on a moss-clad rock reclin'd,
What pleasing visions fill my soul!
Till Mira's image strikes my mind,
Then back the pleasing phantoms roll!

With love's conflicting pangs oppress'd
I find no friendly being here,
To sooth the anguish of my breast,
Or drop the sympathetic tear.

But death, stern monarch, soon will call,
And ease my breast of ev'ry woe—
To heav'n then swiftly mount, my soul,
Where joys unnumber'd ever flow.

LEANDER.

## CONNUBIAL HAPPINESS.

SCENE—A COUCH.

[*Supposed to be written by Dr.* DODDRIDGE.]

OPEN, open lovely breast,
Lull my weary head to rest;
Soft and warm, and sweet and fair,
Balmy antidote of care;
Fragrant source of pure delight,
Downy couch of welcome night,
Ornament of rising day,
Always constant, always gay!

In this gentle calm retreat,
All the train of graces meet;
Truth and innocence, and love,
From this temple ne'er remove.
Sacred virtue's worthiest shrine,
Art thou here, and art thou mine?
Wonder, gratitude and joy,
Blest vicissitude! employ
Ev'ry moment, ev'ry thought:
Crowds of cares are here forgot.

Open, open beauteous breast,
Angels here might seek their rest.

Cesar fill thy shining throne,
A nobler seat I call my own;
Here I reign with boundless sway,
Here I triumph night and day,
Spacious empire! glorious pow'r,
Mine of inexhaustible store!

Let the *wretched* love to roam,
Joy and I can live at home.

Open, open balmy breast,
Into raptures waken rest.

## THE KISS.

Humid seal of soft affections!
Tend'rest pledge of future bliss,
Dearest tie of young connections,
Love's first snow-drop, virgin KISS!

Speaking silence—dumb confession—
Passion's birth, and infant's play;
Dove-like fondness, chaste concession,
Glowing dawn of brighter day!

Sorrowing joy, adieu's last action,
When ling'ring lips no more must join,
What words can ever speak affection,
So thrilling and sincere as thine?

ANONYMOUS.

## THE WITLESS WITLING.

AN EPIGRAM.

FOR his nephew, the Vicar a fortune had scrap'd,
And Tom was his heir, by his will;
But Tom's flippant tongue, not his patron escap'd,
As his clack-rattle never stood still.

For Tom was a wit; and his uncle's red face,
He to Bardolph's was wont to compare:
And he'd queer the old put for his long-winded grace,
Or mimic his mumbling at pray'r.

Then to pose and perplex him with quibbles one day,
Being wantonly seiz'd with the fit;
"Prithee, Parson," says Tom, "what's the diff'rence, I pray,
"Between a wise man and a wit?"

"Why Tom, the whole diff'rence lies here," quoth the Priest,
"A mere wit is to folly so prone;
"That to gall his best friend, he'll let fly his worst jest,
"But a wise man will let it alone.

"Thus you, for your sport, my complexion deride,
"And a carbuncle make of each pimple,
"For which, you must know, I've my will set aside,
"But have left you, of WIT—a *fee simple*."

## EPIGRAM.

SAYS the fop to the bard in his ill-natur'd fun:
"To write like a madman is easily done."
"Not so," said the bard, "you are wrong if you please,
But to write like a fool is the matter of ease."

## ON THE LATE AMERICAN WAR.

UPON a tresle, pig was laid,
And a sad squealing sure it made.
*Kill-pig* stood by with knife and steel:
"Lie quiet, can't you? why d'ye squeal?
"Have not I fed you with my pease?
"And now for trifles such as these
"Will you rebel?—Brimful of victual,
"Won't you be kill'd and cur'd a little?"
To whom thus piggy in reply:
"Think'st thou that I shall quiet lie?
"And that for pease my life I'll barter?—"
"Then, piggy, you must shew your charter;
"Shew you're exempted more than others,
"Else go to pot, like all your brothers.—
"Help, neighbours, help! this pig's too strong;
"I fear I cannot hold him long.
"Help, neighbours! I can't keep him under:
"Where are you all! see by your blunder,
"He's burst his cords! a brute uncivil,
"He's gone!—I'll after—to the devil!"

## EQUALITY.

BY DR. DODD.

QOUTH Thomas to William, "that numskull behold!
"How he lolls in his chariot, embellish'd with gold!
"With his sleek courtly slaves in rich liveries behind:
"Ten thousand a year, with so senseless a mind!
"How unequal the Deity things doth dispense!
"Such wealth to a wretch without feeling or sense!"

"Hold, Thomas," said William, "too fast you proceed,
"You take but one side of the question indeed:
"Suppose me of power to say to yourself,
"Here, presto, Sir Murmurer, change with that elf,
"Give to him, what I gave you, refinement of soul,
"Sense, feeling, discernment, wit, taste,—quit the whole:
"In an instant, come take his ten thousands,—vile pence—
"Be him, such a dolt, without feeling or sense."
You hesitate, Tom—"My good friend, he reply'd,
"I feel I am wrong, you have truth on your side:
"The Deity, henceforth, I'll thank and revere—
"A Mind is a balance for thousands a year."

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*** *Subscriptions for this Paper received at the Office, No. 51, South Third-street, price 6¼ cents each number, payable every four weeks; or three dollars a year to those who pay in advance——Subscribers at a distance either to pay in advance, or procure some responsible person in the City, to become answerable for the money as it becomes due.*